

ESCAPED A MOB ON A BICYCLE.

AVengeful Massachusetts Lynching Party Foiled.

LASSOED A YOUNG GIRL.

The Tramp Jerked Her from Her Wheel with a Trunk Strap.

SCREAMS BROUGHT HELP.

All the Village Bells Were Rung and the Citizens Armed Them- selves and Gave Chase.

STOLE HIS VICTIM'S MACHINE.

Mounted Upon It the Up-to-Date Ruf- fian Scorched Away and Has So Far Succeeded in Eluding His Pursuers.

Harvard, Mass., June 12.—The lynching fury appears to have broken out here. Citizens of this town are talking seriously of summary hanging for the man who assaulted Estelle Stratton, a girl only fifteen years old, and the daughter of one of the most respected residents of this place. So far the man has not been arrested.

Miss Stratton, who is a student at the Bromfield Academy, was returning on her wheel to her home, which is about two miles and a half from the school. As she passed a lonely place in the road a rough looking man jumped out of the bushes, armed with a trunk strap, which he threw over the girl's head, pinning her arms to her side, and jerking her from the wheel, began to drag her toward a wood at the roadside. The girl screamed vigorously and succeeded in making herself heard and several persons rushed to the scene.

The ruffian fled at the approach of assistance and the girl was left unharmed, save

for the fright. News of the affair spread and some one rushed to the village church and rang an alarm. The people gathered, and as soon as they learned the details rushed to their homes. In a few moments parties armed with guns, revolvers and clubs were searching the vicinity. This was kept up all night.

Discussed the Urbana Affair.
The men talked of the recent lynching affair in Ohio and Maryland, until they were in a frenzy, and the wildest threats were made. Had they found the man they were looking for he certainly would have been roughly handled. But he had mounted Miss Stratton's wheel and was able to distance his pursuers, and this morning it was learned that he had been seen near Concord, which is a dozen miles from here. The police of Boston, Lowell and other places have been notified to be on the watch, and the people of Harvard have returned from their search, but the excitement has not abated.

It is now known that Miss Stratton's assailant was a man named Perry, who had been discharged from the employ of a farmer named Sears. Since then he had been hanging about the woods in the vicinity of this place.

Reward for the Fugitive.
The Selectmen had a special meeting to-day and offered a reward of \$100 for his capture, to which amount Mr. Stratton, the father of the girl, added \$50. Mr. Stratton is prostrated as the result of the affair and his physician to-day stated that he is in a serious condition. Descriptions of Perry were to-day sent throughout the State and his arrest is confidently expected.

"WELL, LET 'EM STARVE."

Rejoinder of Michael Zish When Remon-
strated With for Leaving His Family
Hungry.

Michael Zish sported about the city while his wife and five children lived in poverty and neglect at No. 71 Ridge street. Zish is a pedler and wears good clothes and looks sleek and fat. His wife and children are the very opposite. Their pinched faces and scant attire, as they appeared in the Essex Market Court yesterday told the story of hunger and want.

"We have had no food for several days," said the woman.

Neighbors complained to the Gerry Society. Agent Smith called at the house and investigated. He found the woman and her children weak and helpless from the want of food.

"Give me something to eat!" cried the little ones in chorus, as Smith entered the unkempt, dimly lighted flat.

"What are you doing here?" he said to the agent gruffly.

"I came to arrest you for neglecting your wife and family," said the Gerry man.

"Well, how can I help it?" replied Zish. "Let 'em starve," and, turning on his heel, he was about to leave the place when the officer arrested him.

Magistrate Mort held the accused in \$300 bail for trial, and the woman was sent to Gouverneur Hospital, while the children were taken in charge by the Gerry Society. The physicians who attended them said that with proper nourishment they would soon recover.

WARM WELCOME FOR MR. BRYAN.

Enthusiastic Admirers Greet Their Old Standard Bearer.

MAKES A BRIEF ADDRESS.

Receives a Dozen Delegations but Declines Invitations to Speak at Meetings.

CALLS ON MR. SHEEHAN.

"Do Not Care to Discuss Local Politics, But There is No Decline in Bimetallism Sentiment Through- out the Country."

Diary of Bryan's Day.

6:30 a. m.—Arrived at Grand Central Station.

6:40—Breakfasted at Grand Union Hotel.

7:15—Boarded New York Central train for Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

8:15—Arrived at Irvington and aroused Mr. John Brisson Walker, who was still asleep.

11:46—Boarded train for New York, accompanied by Mr. Walker and his son.

12:40 p. m.—Arrived at Grand Central Station.

1:30—Called on Mr. B. S. Bennett, No. 100 Hudson street.

1:30—Called at Col. W. L. Brown's office, in Park Row.

1:40—Called on Colonel Eliot F. Danforth, chairman of the State Democratic Committee.

2:30—Called on Mr. John C. Sheehan, leader of Tammany Hall, at his office, No. 258 Broadway.

3:00—Returned to Mr. Bennett's office.

3:35—Took a car and went to the Bartholdi Hotel.

4:05—Met Congressman Tom L. Johnson and three hundred other acquaintances at the Bartholdi.

4:15—Received a delegation from the Loyal Democratic League and the Progressive Democratic League in Suite 21, of the Bartholdi.

4:45—Received a delegation from the Knights of Labor and an invitation to address their meeting in Union Square Monday night.

5:00—Drove to the Grand Central Station to see the Hon. Tom Johnson off for Cleveland.

5:30—Returned to the hotel and received more callers.

8:10—Went to Delmonico's to dine with Col. W. L. Brown, Mr. John C. Sheehan, Congressman William Sulzer and Mr. Willis J. Abbot.

7:10—Came back to the hotel and received more callers.

Words of Wisdom from Mr. Bryan.

I don't care to mix up in local issues. I'm sure after your record of last year these matters of local issue will be capably handled by your own people. I believe your party leaders are sincere in their Democratic professions. If I were to go about taking a hand in local affairs, I'm afraid people would come to think me a boss.

I am a believer in local self-government. I believe the people of each community are able to understand their own needs, fight their own battles and carve out their own destiny.

It is the duty of every citizen to take an active part in the concerns of government.

Every public servant is the better for being watched.

Only by loyalty to Democratic principles can we make our government what it ought to be.

The monopoly of gold has enabled the people to know the meaning of a dollar that grows fatter every day as the people grow leaner.

Whenever a great purpose is to be accomplished there must be unity. Organization is necessary.

Bronzed, alert, bright-eyed, William Jennings Bryan swung from the steps of the Troy sleeping car to the Grand Central Station platform at an hour which found few New Yorkers astir yesterday morning.

Mr. Bryan carried a heavy sole-leather case in each hand. He wore a loose-fitting cutaway suit of gray cheviot, a turn-down collar and carried a light overcoat swung over one of his "wrists." A light Alpine hat was pushed far back over his wavy hair. He looked like a prosperous traveling man.

His step was the springy and vigorous stride of an athlete.

Half way to the gate Mr. Bryan was met by James Oliver, sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic National Committee, who insisted on assuming charge of one of the heavy valises.

"Never mind, we'll check 'em," said Mr. Bryan, after he had shaken hands with Mr. Oliver. "Then we'll have some breakfast in a hurry. I must run up to Irvington-on-the-Hudson and I want to catch the 7:15 train."

In such manner Mr. Bryan began a day visiting New York as a private citizen.

As soon as the bags were checked Mr. Bryan and Mr. Oliver went across to the Grand Central Hotel for breakfast. But on the pavement they had to stop. Thirty or forty trainmen, cab drivers, laborers and early commuters had recognized the Democratic leader and pushed forward to shake his hand. Mr. Bryan greeted them who welcomed him cordially.

Breakfast was hurried and the 7:15 express carried the statesman thirty miles

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ENDED HER PRAYER WITH A BULLET.

Unknown Woman Committed Suicide in Calvary Epis- copal Church.

CALM AND DELIBERATE.

After a Silent Invocation She Walked to the Vestibule and Fired.

HER AIM FIRM AND TRUE.

Bullet Crashed Through Her Skull, In- flicting Instant Death—Efforts to Identify Unsuccessful—Sexton Thinks He Knows Her.

"The House of the Lord is open to all people for prayer throughout the day."

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The doors of the Calvary Church stood wide open. A woman read the invitation and, at a little after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, entered into the quiet, if not the peace, of the ivy-covered sanctuary.

Five minutes later she had disturbed it—she had made the little church the scene of a tragedy.

The sharp crack of a revolver rang through the edifice. The woman's own hand had pulled the trigger. She lay dead in the vestibule with a gaping bullet hole in her right temple.

Calvary Episcopal Church stands at the northeast corner of Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue. The Rev. J. Lewis Parks is rector. It has a large and fashionable congregation, who love the quiet of the Gramercy Park neighborhood, and who have clung to it in spite of the general tendency of most worshippers to move uptown.

At 1 o'clock yesterday Mr. Parks was in the rectory attending to some business with an usher named Martin. Mrs. Skinner, of No. 112 West Twenty-third street, was alone in the church. She is its caretaker, and it is her business to see that cushions are adjusted properly and every fleck of dust removed. She was about her work when she saw a woman enter the church. It was an accustomed sight, and she scarcely looked at her at first. She wouldn't have looked at her at all had she not hesitated a moment and then walked slowly up the centre aisle. Then Mrs. Skinner gave her some attention.

Prayed Silently.

The woman did not enter any pew; she did not sit down. As she stood in the aisle she seemed to fix her eyes upon the right wall of the church. A Madonna looked down upon her with tearful eyes, and the woman looked up with a steady, unerring gaze and her lips moved as though in silent prayer.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." Her eyes sought the symbol of the Nazarine, and her lips seemed to frame the words that stood out boldly above his head. A great yellow light enveloped her. The glorious sunshine penetrating the tinted glass made everything of golden hue. It rested on the woman.

"The house of the Lord is open to all people for prayer throughout the day." While the woman's lips moved silently, a man in rags had entered behind her.

"He looked at her a moment," said Mrs. Skinner, "just as I did, I suppose, because she was alone, the only one in the church, and then he shuffled into a pew and seemed to be saying his prayers. All sorts of people came in, and we rarely notice any one. I only noticed these two because they happened to be the only two in the church at that time, and because." Mrs. Skinner shuddered as she thought of it.

Fired with Steady Hand.

The woman in the yellow light, the woman who now lies in the Morgue, never seemed to take her eyes from the right wall of the church. The ragged man sat at the left of her. As though she had finished her prayer, she turned and walked slowly back through the heavy doors out into the vestibule of the church. Just beyond it was life in all its glory—or in all its bitterness. With what must have been a steady hand she drew forth a small revolver, placed it to her right temple and sent a bullet crashing through her brain.

Mrs. Skinner heard the shot and rushed to the vestibule, followed by the only

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Mysterious Church Suicide, Her Brooch and the Pawn Ticket for it.

It was perhaps the most deliberate act of her life. In the vestibule of Calvary Episcopal Church, Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue, she shot herself, deliberately, calmly. Those who saw her raise the pistol were amazed as much at her manner as at the act. Her identity is a mystery. At Riley's Eagle Loan Office two hours before she had secured a small loan on a brooch containing two pictures. They look like her, though they may be of a sister or near relative.

"I'LL BET I'VE GOT 100 NAILS IN ME."

Surgeons Prove the Human Ostrich's Statements to Be True.

TREATED FOR INDGESTION.

Doctors Took Out Knives, Knife Blades, Tacks, Barbed Wire and Glass.

Kansas City, Mo., June 12.—Five surgeons at the German Hospital this morning cut open the stomach of Harry Whallen, the "human ostrich," and took therefrom over 120 nails, knives, screws and tacks, including the big Barlow knife, which caused the acute attack of indigestion which made the operation necessary. This is an actual and complete inventory of the hardware, glassware and cutlery taken from Whallen's stomach:

One four-bladed knife, 3½ inches long.
One two-bladed Barlow knife, 3 inches long.
One knife blade, 3¼ inches long.
One knife blade, 3 inches long.
Two knife blades, 3 inches long.
One knife blade, 1 inch long.
Thirty-two large eight and ten penny fence nails and spikes.

Thirty-four sixpenny wire nails, sharp pointed.
Twenty-six shingle nails, 1 inch long.
Sixteen carpet tacks and small wire nails.
One horseshoe nail.
Three large screws.
One barbed wire staple.
Three ounces of fine glass.

As his calling would indicate, the "human ostrich" is a man of nerve. He said he did not fear the operation.

"I guess I might as well die one way as another," was the philosophical way he regarded the matter. "You fellows will find that I am telling the truth," he remarked, when the doctors expressed some doubt as to his real ailment.

"I'll make an even bet that I've got 100 nails in me." His reputation for veracity is fully established. Dr. Von Quast and Dr. Smythe called in Dr. T. J. Beattie, Dr. G. W. Halley and Dr. L. W. Luscher to assist in making the operation this morning. Whallen's nerve never left him, even when taken into the operating room and chloroformed.

"Make a good job of it, doctor; the stuff is there," he said, stoically. The outer wall of Whallen's stomach was opened perpendicularly from near the apex of the ribs downward six inches. The inner stomach was then opened horizontally, the incision being about five inches long. Then the astonishing mass of metal and glass was found embedded in the intestines. Nails and spikes were taken out by the handful. With each lot of broken glass, tacks and knife blades the surgeons became more astonished.

The cavity where the articles were found was carefully washed when the last of the remarkable contents had been removed, and the stomach and intestines sewed up. At the conclusion of the operation Whallen was weak and, of course, unconscious, but the surgeons say his condition is good, and that his chance of recovery is excellent.

C. M. DEPEW, JR., ILL.

The Young Man Prostrated with Gastritis in London—His Father with Him.

By Frank Marshall White.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
London, June 12.—Chauncey M. Depew,

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FEARFUL FALL OF SCIENTIST WOELFERT.

Famous German Inventor and a Companion Drop 3,000 Feet.

TESTING AN AIRSHIP.

"I Will Succeed in the Ascent or You Will See My Corpse."

THE DOCTOR'S LAST WORDS

The Whole Scientific World Interested in the Experiment.

BALLOON BURST INTO FLAMES.

Benzine Tank Near the Steering Gear Exploded, It Is Believed, Because of Friction—Descrip- tion of Machine.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Berlin, June 12.—The celebrated astronaut, Dr. Woelfert, who for years had been engaged in endeavoring to perfect dirigible airships, and who, last year, on the occasion of the great Berlin Industrial Exposition made many successful ascents, to-day met a frightful fate.

Dr. Woelfert had been busily occupied for the last two months on an improved airship which eliminated all of the objectionable points, interfering with the steering of the vessel. Learned papers over his signature on this subject had appeared in the scientific magazines of Europe, and the

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